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PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY.

TAXE FROM DIVIDED ROOM.

Puck

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"MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP."

ARE WE READY FOR IT?



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE PROMOTERS of the Rockefeller Skyscraper Church should be warned that this method of reaching Heaven was condemned by the Building Department at the time of the Tower of Babel.

THERE IS a theory that owing to the rush of brunette immigrants, the American blonde type is doomed to disappear. A trifle like brunette immigration, however, can never phase the Broadway blonde.

NEXT WEEK President Roosevelt will open the Portland show by wire. By enlarging this system and becoming expert in the use of the phonograph, the President may be "delighted" at no one knows how many dinners all in the same night.

IN HIS magazine *Tomorrow*, Prof. Oscar Lovell Triggs misquotes "Macbeth." In his libel suit against the *Sun*, Prof. Triggs was unable to identify lines from "Romeo and Juliet" quoted by Lawyer Bartlett. In the circumstances Triggs will feel justified in adding Bartlett's Unfamiliar Quotations to his library.

"ARE NEW YORK newspapers becoming provincial?" inquires the *Evening Post*. That depends. If provincialism consists of devoting nearly all of a journal to the doings of the police court, the Tenderloin, and the race track, we dare say the New York newspapers will plead guilty.

THAT JOY perennial, Senator Depew, remarks that Roosevelt's trust policy "made the cheek of Wall St. blanch as it had not done in thirty years;" and adds, that although the President shoots still at the old mark, "the country is not disturbed." The Senator may possibly deduce from this that a blanch on Wall Street is sometimes simultaneous with a healthy color elsewhere.

FOLLOWING A distinguished example, Brother Bryan mounted to a pulpit the other Sunday and declared, in the course of his sermon, that he found daily more mysteries in life than are bound up within the covers of the Bible. One of said mysteries was the result in 1896; another, the result in 1900. William has never been heard to intimate however that the result in 1904 had anything mysterious about it.

TALKING MACHINES are being introduced in China. The advent of the Woman's Club is therefore near at hand.

WHY SHOULD N'T the Cits be in favor of McClellan's nomination? Are there not Democrats who would nominate Roosevelt in a minute?

NEWPORT SHOULD be careful how it raises the taxes of New Yorkers. A little more boosting of the rates and New Yorkers may be forced to live in New York.

IF GERMANY'S tariff war be formally declared against us, the German consumer will have opportunity to learn how effectively and beautifully "the foreigner pays the tax."

GENERAL MILES' scheme for putting the Massachusetts militia in cocked hats and knee breeches is probably but a thinly veiled attempt to add to his own collection of uniforms.

THEY ARE still discussing a sea-level canal at the Isthmus. Pardon our pessimism, but who expects anything to be done on the level in these degenerate days?



SKIBOISM OR OSLERISM?

THE DILEMMA OF THE SUPERANNUATED EDUCATOR.

MOTORISTS, ARRESTED for speeding, angrily claimed that the cops had timed them wrong. This is a grave matter. Auto cops should have split-second watches and be licensed as timers by the A. A. U.

APROPPOS OF the Beef Trust investigation, a large number of packinghouse officials and employees are now either in Europe or Canada. If the exodus continues, the Beef Trust may be deftly "curbed" by process of elimination.

NO MAN since the day of Don Quixote de la Mancha has taken himself more seriously than our esteemed Vice-President, whose candidacy for the highest office promises entertainment. Already in imagination the Hoosier Don Quixote is battling with trust giants, Mormon dragons, financial wizards, and windmills innumerable. Cervantes is credited with having smiled Spain's chivalry away. The amiable satirist would hardly succeed in laughing down the Knight of the Woolly Horse. His armor is fire-proof.

THE PRIZE BUNCH.

THE KING yawned, as he lolled upon his Union made throne.

"This simple little life of mine," he exclaimed disconsolately, "is gradually driving me to despair. Every day now for several weeks some one has either laid a red apple on my desk to conciliate me, or a bouquet of violets. This thing is getting tiresome."

He touched a bell and several sycophants sprang forward.

"For Heaven's sake," said the King petulantly, "can't you get something original? Pick me something new."

"What would you have, sir?" said one subject kindly. "How about a nice fresh bunch of daisies for a change?"

"Never!" roared the King. "A bunch of Daisies! A bunch of foolishness! Get out all of you!"

And so from this chance remark the word went through the Kingdom that the great King desired above all things a bunch of foolishness.

A day was set apart for the bestowal. A subject entered and bowed low.

"Your Majesty," he murmured, "I have obeyed your order. Shall I bring them in?"

"What's this?" asked the King.

"Simply a bunch of foolishness, your Majesty."

He waved his arm, the curtains were pushed aside and there was disclosed a huge automobile with four people underneath it trying to make it go.

The King smiled.

"Good," he exclaimed. "This is the real thing. Any more?"

Another subject entered and waved his hand. Again the curtain rose and four millionaires were seen trying to give away all they had stolen.

"Great," said the King. "Next!"

A woman's club was then shown, in full session. The King roared.

"Nothing can beat this," he cried. "I'll bet a hundred thousand piasters to a crab apple."



WHERE DAYS ARE LONG.

MEMBER SNOWSMITHS' UNION No. 6.—Waugh! More loaf! What we strike for now?

MEMBER ICELAYERS' UNION No. 10.—Heap shorter hours. We strike for a five months' day.

Thereupon he was shown in succession a modern dinner party, a game of society bridge, a summer hotel and an afternoon tea.

But the King was unmoved.

"These things are all right," he observed, "but you have n't hit it yet. Get a move on, or I'll relax once more into my comatose condition."

But even as he spoke the curtain rose once more. The scene disclosed a lot of well-dressed men—many of them venerable. They were having a row. At first the King listened indifferently, but as he heard what was said he grew more interested.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "This is certainly the best yet. This beats a woman's club all hollow. Hear the squabbling. Hear the nasty little innuendoes. Hear the old woman's gossip. Who in the world is this anyway—that is taking the prize for the biggest aggregated bunch of foolishness in all my Kingdom?"

And the prize winner bowed low as he replied:

"This, your Majesty, is the directors' meeting of one of our modern Insurance Companies."



THE "BIG STICK" POLICY WE ALL APPROVE.



AT THE FISHVILLE SANATORIUM.

MRS. SHAD.—I've got the rheumatiz turrible. Every bone in my body aches.

MRS. JELLYFISH.—Well, I'm feeling dreadful flabby. I have the shakes all over.

ONE OF THE BAND.

"DID HE do anything particular at Albany, as far as you have heard?"

"Yes. He helped to make the eighty-cent gas bill look like thirty cents."

It may be, sometimes, when things are not coming our way, that we are not just in the right place.



PAINFUL DOMESTIC SITUATION.

A CALL UPON THE BROWNS, WHO HAVE "SUCH ENTERTAINING CHILDREN."

The curtain lecture differs from others in that the audience can't sneak out in the middle of it.

STEAM HEATED TALES. BY ARTHUR H. FOLWELL.

THREE OF EAST MAIN STREET.

STEPHEN COBB stood idly by the window, strumming on the pane. His attitude, that is, was idle, but to do Stephen Cobb full justice in the matter, it is only fair to add that he was busy enough with his thoughts. The window by which he stood was one of a great many that belonged to the hotel, and the room which it helped to light may be here described as the most pretentious portions of what is sometimes known in hotels as a parlor suite. In other words, it was the parlor from which the suite derived its name.

"Well," said Stephen Cobb aloud, "we're here, Mother; there's no mistaking that. The furniture is in the car at the freight depot waiting to be unloaded, and we're here at the hotel waiting to make up our minds. It ought to be easy, it seems to me. Now that we're here, are we going to stay here, we and the furniture, or are we and the furniture going back to Middlebury? Which is it, Mother?"

Stephen Cobb turned from the window and faced a lady of some sixty years who was seated near at hand. By the side of this lady, there was another and younger lady so obviously like the first in feature and expressions as to be identified at once as Miss Cobb, cognomened Sylvia.

"Which is it, Mother?" Stephen Cobb repeated.

The chair in which Mrs. Cobb was seated had been doing some spirited rocking for at least ten minutes, but now it abruptly stopped.

"We're going to stay," said Mrs. Cobb, "to stay, Stephen. I've set my mind on living in a flat. I never lived in one in all my life, and I guess there are other flats beside that we were going to. Not all the flats, I guess, have had a wall fall out of 'em and been condemned by the Building Department."

"But, Mother," gently interposed Miss Sylvia Cobb, "where shall we live in the meantime?"

"Right—where—we are," was the prompt reply. "I ain't been in a city hotel since your father's day, and I don't mind a bit if we stay here a month."

The chair was beginning to rock again.

"Yes, and to-morrow," Mrs. Cobb continued, "to-morrow we'll all go flat hunting."

"You're set on this, Mother?" said Stephen Cobb inquiringly.

"I'm set on this, Stephen," with firmness came the answer.

"Very well, then. To-morrow I'll hunt up a good safe place and store the furniture till we're ready."

It had been chiefly due to Mrs. Colgate Price, nee Cobb. She it was who had suggested a city flat when in a petulant moment Mrs. Cobb had "wished to goodness she might never lay eyes on East Main Street, Middlebury, again." There was no good reason why the widow Cobb wished to lay eyes no longer upon East Main Street, Middlebury, where the family home was situated. The desire simply followed a remark, a most natural remark in a place of no great girth, about seeing the selfsame people year in and year out; and Mrs. Price, then spending a fortnight at Middlebury, had recommended a city thoroughfare as the most effective remedy for that complaint; she had found it so; and how nice it would be, she said, if Mother and Sylvia and Stephen would shut up the old home for a while and move into one of the fine new flats—or was it apartments Mrs. Price had been particular to call them?—and move into one of the fine new apartments which were going up opposite hers.

How could Mrs. Colgate Price, how could her mother or her sister or her brother, how could anyone, in fact, foresee that on the very day of the Cobbs'

arrival in the city, on the very day when a car-load of their furniture would be shunted by a drill engine on a siding in the freight terminal, a section of the wall of that very apartment house would fall with a crash, and the Building Department would discover what it had business to have learned before—that the fine new apartment house should be promptly condemned because of its frost-bitten mortar?

Two days passed and the Cobbs were still at the hotel. Though all over town the flat hunting season was on, game as yet was scarce. Divided into two parties, each advised and directed by Mrs. Colgate Price, who loyally "dropped everything to help them," they sought that rarest of big game in the real estate preserve, a flat that suited. And the Cobbs were particularly hard people to suit, for a reason which will presently be apparent.

"Folks," said Stephen, entering the room toward evening and completing the Middlebury trio, "I've found it."

"No," negatively, but nevertheless delightedly, cried Mrs. and Miss Cobb in unison. They had not found "it," evidently.

"Yes," said Stephen, with a mixed sense of triumph and relief; "I was sure of it the minute the agent showed it to me. Funny, is n't it, how you doubt and higgie-haggle over a flat you don't know whether you like it or not, and yet when the right one comes along, there is n't a shadow of doubt in your mind for a moment, and you can decide in a jiffy."

"The best part of this flat," he continued, "is the dining-room. Really, it's the biggest I've seen anywhere, and it'll take in our old sideboard and long dining-table easily. There's a fine place for the sideboard to stand, too, and—er—because the bed-rooms are just a trifle small, I thought we could keep in storage or sell our bed-room furniture, the four posters and the clothes press, and—"

"Sell our bed-room furniture? Keep in storage the only bed I've slept in for twenty-nine years next August? Stephen," cried Mrs. Cobb, "you must be crazy! Remember, it's your grandmother's things you're speaking of; mother's old mahogany. I might—mind I say might—I might consent to keep the sideboard in storage, or the parlor things, the davenport sofa and that clumsy old secretary, but—"

"Ma," broke in Sylvia with ominous calmness, "of course they're your things, when you come right down to it, but if we don't have a parlor here big enough for the davenport sofa and great-grand uncle's walnut secretary, I shall go straight back home to Middlebury and stop with Mercy Hopkins, and you and Stephen may stay here just as long as ever you like. I do think, though," added Sylvia with decision, "that Stephen might be a little more sensible in regard to that ugly old sideboard and dinner table. Both would be so out of place in a flat."

Hence when again, in all gentleness, it is intimated that the Cobbs were hard people to suit, the wherefore should be fairly obvious or at least susceptible of detection. But seemingly fate was kind to them. One bright morning at breakfast, there appeared a lively twinkle in the eyes of Mother Cobb, and pressed for explanations, she admitted naively that she was nourishing a surprise.

"I can't tell of course how it'll turn out," she said, "but your sister took me yesterday to one of them big agents and told him just what kind of a flat we were looking for. Would you believe it, Sylvia, he found on his list, or what ever it is you call it, the very flat as ought to suit, big right through, and the biggest kind of bed-rooms. To-day



"Remember, it's your grandmother's things you're speaking of!"



PUCK

your sister and me are going to get the keys." All smiles were the trio of Cobbs, especially Stephen.

"Bully for you, Mother!" he chuckled. "And if *your* surprise does n't come true, drop around some time and see mine. By chance, only last night, I ran across a real estate clerk here in the hotel. When he heard what we wanted, he said he had just the place for us. He's going to pilot me there this morning."

"Oh, well, since you're both so elated," said Sylvia Cobb, "there's no reason why I should be the only one mum. I've a surprise, too; and what's more, I've already seen mine. The name of the street it's on has slipped my mind for the moment, but the flat has a fine big parlor, two large bed-rooms with closets, Mother, and a splendid dining-room, Stephen, with two wide windows. I saw it only for a minute yesterday afternoon late, but the agent's boy is going to show me through it thoroughly at ten o'clock to-day."

Who will question that it was in the best of good humor that they rose from the breakfast table?

"At luncheon," said Stephen, snapping his watch, "we'll each report progress; and then this afternoon, we'll look at your flat, Mother; and at yours, Sylvia; and after that we'll have a look at mine."

"There is your sister coming for me!" suddenly cried Mrs. Cobb. "It's time I was getting my bonnet on."

On one of those streets which, although residential, hum and buzz the whole day long with traffic; on one of those streets for which truckmen have for years had a fondness; a street where the home-tide is gradually ebbing and the trade-tide beginning to flow; on one of those streets, we say, there stood near the corner of a block a massive pile consisting of four brick flats. Once regarded as extremely choice, they were now of a very old style indeed, though unimpeachably respectable, comfortable and roomy. Their day as smart apartments, however, was past.

The very morning of the Cobbs' good-humored breakfast, only one hour later, there might have been seen in motion on the street just mentioned a black-clad lady of some sixty years and a much younger and more citified lady, in whose hand a slip of paper bore the name of Mrs. Price.

"I'll show this permit to the janitor," the latter lady was saying, "or if he is n't around, I'll open the flat myself with these keys from the office."

They attained the vestibule of one of the four brick apartments just as a couple of gentlemen, quick stepping gentlemen, came rapidly around the corner.

"Ain't it curious how things go?" one of the hasty gentlemen remarked to the other. "There hasn't been a soul at that flat for three weeks, and now to have 'em tell us at the office that a party had just gone up to see it. This is

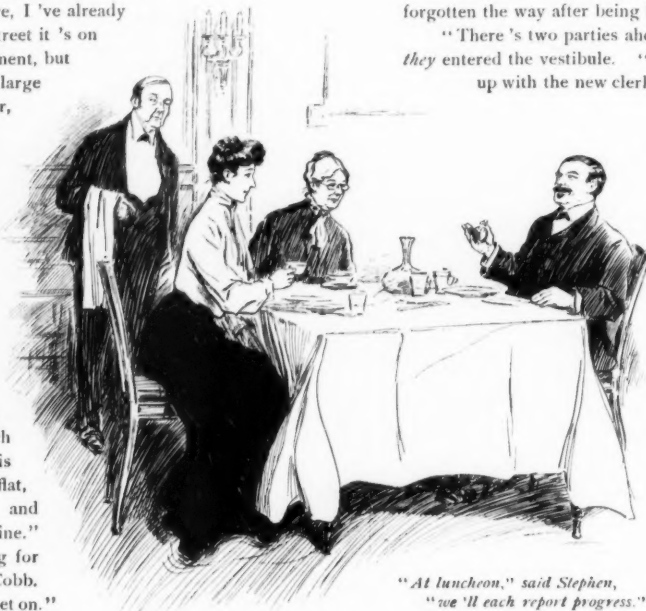
the one I was telling you about last night—the third from the end. Big, ain't it—just as I told you?"

Into the vestibule went the two hasty gentlemen. Had they remained outside a minute longer, they would doubtless have been joined on the top step by a woman, comparatively young, and an unusually small but precocious office-boy.

"See? This is the place, lady," were the office-boy's words as he neared the brick apartments.

"Why, to be sure it is," said his companion. "To think I should have forgotten the way after being here only yesterday."

"There's two parties ahead o' yer this mornin'," the boy volunteered, as they entered the vestibule. "One of 'em's got the keys, and the other went up with the new clerk. Hope yer ain't too late, lady."



"At luncheon," said Stephen, "we'll each report progress."

Half an hour afterward, out of a big brick apartment house, there came six persons, four of whom went one way, and the remaining two, the opposite.

"You queered that deal, Jimmy," said the more mature of the latter. "What'd you want to say that about pumping water out the cellars when the fire engine came down the street?"

"Aw, who queered the game!" cried the other, a boy, indignantly. "Could n't they see the fire engine hitching up to the hydrant? You queered it yerself when yer pulled up the dinin'-room shades an' they seen all the washin' on them tenement poles in back. An' then when them milk trucks went by, I s'pose it was me maybe what made the walls shake an' the old woman think they was agoin' t' fall on her. Hully gee! but she was scared!"

"You could have gone out and stopped that hand-organ, anyhow," growled the man. "That was what started the old lady off on how quiet it was up in dear old Middleburg or bury, or whatever she called it. They'd been talkin' about where to hang the sideboards before that, and how rich it was they all hit on the same place."

"An' y' don't think they'll come back—hey?"

"Nay," said the man, who was neither a very old nor a very dignified man. "They won't come back, Jimmy. They're going up home in the hills so far ay-way. Did n't you hear the old lady say that after all there was no place like East Main Street?"

The boy's reply was an expansive grin.

"Gee!" he sniffed, "East Main Street! A Rubberneck Tallyhotel for theirs!"

Next Week—The Trouble With Teeters.



FORCE OF HABIT.

POLICEMAN (on the traveling sidewalk).—Come now, move on!

THE ATLANTIC.

THE Atlantic ocean is a large body of heavy swells with crests lying east of Ellis Island. It is used extensively by ocean steamers for conducting bridge and poker parties to and from London and Paris. Tramps can be seen upon it at all hours of the day and night, and the red lights are always out.

This ocean is calm at times, but when fully aroused is capable of great extremities. It is no respecter of persons and often makes you sick just to look at it. When crossed it almost always responds.

Strange to say, it is affected by the moon, and tries to rise up out of its bed to look at it. It is also largely commercial in its aspect, and even has trade winds of its own.

WAYS AND MEANS.

"GOOD CITIZENS," said the reformer, "should band together and get control of the primaries."

"But what method would you advise?" asked his friend. "Jiu jitsu or plain assault and battery?"

QUITE appropriately, the theatre of war is devoted to blood and thunder performances.

THE TRIGGSIAN WAY.

WHAT IN THE WORLD CAN IT BE?

[Cross examined, Oscar Lovell Triggs, formerly Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago, could not remember whether Longfellow or Whittier wrote "Maud Muller," or who were the opposing houses in "Romeo and Juliet," or who Tybalt and various other characters were. "I do not study literature that way," he said.]



"MAUD MULLER on a summer's day —" Why, yes, I am familiar with the poem; and yet I do not place the author, I confess, Longfellow? Whittier? Really, I forget. "Of all sad words of tongue or pen" likewise Familiar sounds; and yet I cannot say Who penned the lines, nor venture a surmise: I do not study literature that way.

I cannot tell who Tybalt was, although My mind connects him with a servants' brawl; Nor can I place, off-hand, young Romeo, While Juliet but vaguely I recall. What were the warring houses? gives me pause (And yet I am familiar with the play): I do not know these obvious things because I do not study literature that way.

Professor (once removed) of literature, "Romeo and Juliet" of course I know; Yet do I not pretend to be cocksure On trifles, such as who was Romeo, Or Juliet, or Tybalt, or from whence Shakespeare evolved the story of the play. Pray pardon my mnemonic negligence: I do not study literature that way.

Bert Leston Taylor.

NO HELP FOR IT.

"SHALL WE buy a new automobile?" The young husband looked at his wife anxiously. The voice had a strange tremor in it.

"The one we have is in perfect running order," he continued. "The engine is not worn a bit. The bearings are like new. The tires have all been renewed. Everything about is in first-class shape and we can, I think, get along beautifully. Don't you, dear?"

The wife rose to her full height. It was evident that her indignation was fully aroused.

"You amuse me," she said with a slight sneer. "Are you aware, sir, that they are not now using those bodies? Do you know that mauve awnings have gone out? Can you get it through your dull brain that



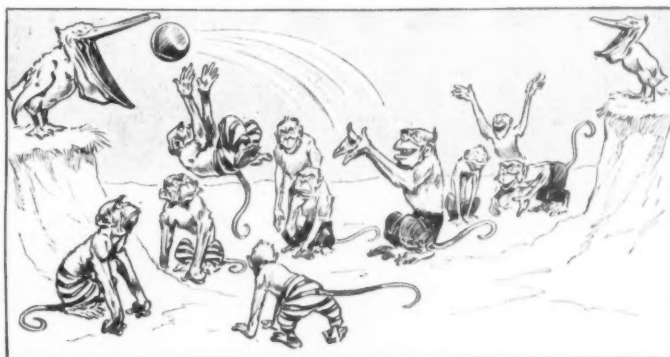
IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

COS COR CON.—Dere 's one t'ing about dese p'lice departmint autos dat don't come up to dose yer own yerself. Dey can't make a Irish cop look like a French chauffeur.

nothing but a limosanaum body is *au fait*. And do you suppose for one moment that I would ever demean myself by entering my machine from the rear. Why, I would just as soon wear last year's hat."

Whereupon her stricken husband immediately telephoned to have the back number taken to the iron factory.

BASKET BALL IN AFRICA.



I.—Shoot!



II.—Goal!



III.—Game called.

MOTTO for an ambulance: "Sic transit."

AS to the secret of success, it may be said that nothing has ever been more extensively advertised.

NO ONE knows what a day will bring forth, but it is generally a pretty safe guess that it will be nothing.

IT is highly improbable that the world will ever again see a time when it will not consider itself on the threshold of a new era.

Many a man thinks himself well informed until somebody asks him what a pergola is.



J. OTTMANN UTM CO PUCH 8100 N.Y.

THE HOOSIER DON QUIXOTE.
OUR ESTEEMED VICE-PRESIDENT TAKES HIS CANDIDACY SERIOUSLY.

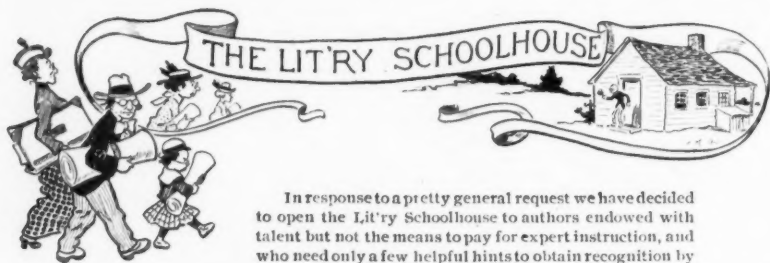
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1 ROOM.



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In response to a pretty general request we have decided to open the Lit'ry Schoolhouse to authors endowed with talent but not the means to pay for expert instruction, and who need only a few helpful hints to obtain recognition by our best publishers and editors. Here the young lit'ry idea will learn how to shoot an editor in his vital spot, the wallet; how to load, aim and fire, and what sort of ammunition to use. Tuition will be free, though the Schoolmaster, Prof. Daffy Dondilly, will accept gifts from grateful students who may succeed, as the result of his instruction, in making a lit'ry killing. The first class in short story writing will now stand up.

HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY.

First, go to any large paper dealer in your town or city, and have him cut up about three reams of medium-thick stock, of the yellow tint used by the Western Union Telegraph Company. Editors find this tint least trying to their eyes, and quite naturally are prejudiced in favor of stories written on yellow paper. They also give a preference to 10 1/4 x 8 1/2 manuscript, although some very successful stories have been written on odd sizes.

You will next purchase a large bottle of black ink. Leading publishers and editors inform Prof. Dondilly that nine-tenths of the stories they accept are written in black ink. Mr. Kipling prefers blue; J. M. Barrie uses a special fluid of the tint of Scotch whiskey; Jack London goes in for red ink and Henry James for lemon juice;—but these writers are Great Geniuses who do not have to consult editorial preferences.

Great care should be exercised in the selection of a pen. For fine writing, such as descriptions of scenery, thunder-storms, etc., the Professor advises a No. 303 Victoria; for broad effects a Jackson Stub or a Crow Quill is excellent; for character, drawing a No. 170 Artist is the best; while for sustained work a No. 22 Gothic is recommended, as holding double the ink of any other pen. The Professor strongly advises against the use of the typewriter. What is gained in legibility is lost in chiaroscuro; commonplaceness is the result. Besides, typewritten copy is not sought by collectors. J. P. Morgan recently paid \$4,000 for the manuscript of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Had this been typewritten it would have fetched

not to exceed \$4 in the open market.

Having obtained your pen, your ink and your paper, the next step is to prepare your writing table. Place the ink bottle on the right hand and the muck-lage pot at a safe distance on the left. Your pad of yellow paper you will place midway, the side of the pad at a right angle with the lower edge of the table. Now grasp the pen firmly with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand and dip it resolutely into the ink. You are now ready to write a short story. All you need is an idea. Further instructions in our next.

SOME QUERIES ANSWERED.

ERNEST K., Greenwich, Conn.—If you cannot obtain postage stamps at wholesale prices in your town, send direct to Washington. No discount is allowed on lots of less than \$10.

ETHEL J., Spooner, Wis.—Most authors agree that the country is more congenial to the lit'ry temperament

than the city, where rents are much higher. Postage rates being uniform, there is no advantage in living near the market.

ALBERT, Altoona, Pa.—Our best publishers pay storage charges on manuscripts to which they are unable to give immediate attention. The Century, Harpers' and Scribner's pay \$25 a week, McClure's and the Ladies' Home Journal \$15, the Atlantic \$3, and so on. So it really pays young authors to begin, as most of them do, with the Century.

B. L. T.

THE SYMPTOMS.

"I D'KNOW what under canopy to make of that 'ere top-knot hen's actions!" ejaculated good Mrs. Bentover, testily. "The pesky critter is up to something queer, the whole blessed time! First, she wanted to set, and then when she had the chance she would n't. Pretty soon, she'd had a fight with every feathered thing in the barnyard, and next, nothin' 'peared to be good enough for her to eat. Bime-bye, she got to makin' a sort of wheezin' noise in her throat; and this mornin', if you'll believe me, she actually crowed! What on earth do you s'pose is the matter with her, Lemuel?"

"Wa-al," judiciously replied honest Farmer Bentover, "from the symptoms set forth, I sorter suspect she is in trainin' to become a primer donner."

CAUTIOUS.

"AND the further question arises," said the earnest and conscientious trustee, "whether we should accept anonymous contributions, or announce that no contributions will be considered unless accompanied by the

name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee that the money is not tainted."

"But why not go further?" asked another trustee—but some folks thought he was trying to be sarcastic—"why not reserve the right to put an ex-

pert on the books of any would-be contributor and conduct a rigid investigation into the methods by which he made his money?"

CHAGRIN.

A SAILOR in 40 north lat.,
Stood on deck in a terrible att.;
For instead of a swear
Of a kind new and rare
He had uttered a miserable plat.

SOMEWHAT INCONSISTENT.

"YOU say his course was not quite satisfactory to the labor unions?"
"Why, no. He worked ten hours a day to secure the passage of an eight-hour law."

OFTEN THE CASE.

LITTLE ELMER.—Papa, what is a critic?
PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—A critic, my son, is a person who couldn't have done it himself.



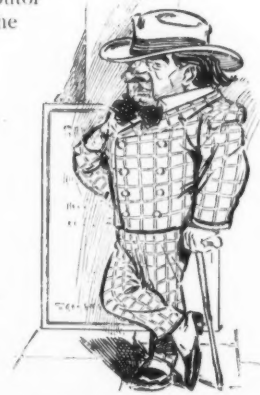
UNLIMITED.

ISAACS.—Mein gracious! I t'ink der boat vas going to der bottom!

COHENSTEIN (calmly).—Let her go! My free pass carries me effery vere!



BUTCHERS' TERM—CHOICE CUTS.



ILLUSTRATED PERSONAL.

WILL lady who noticed fine-looking gentleman, Monday afternoon, Broadway and Forty-second street, communicate; mention incident, object matrimony. JAGO, 101 Herald.



Healthful



Malt is a food, half digested.
Hops are a tonic. Beer that is
pure is good for you.

But beer that isn't aged
causes biliousness. Beer that's
impure is unhealthful.

That is why we insist on
purity.

That is why we spend fortunes
every year
to attain
it.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown is branded

Schlitz

The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

"Defender of the Rails—The New York Central."—*Utica Herald.*



Acknowledged the Leader in the land of their nativity, where cigarette manufacturing has reached Perfection.

NESTOR CIGARETTES

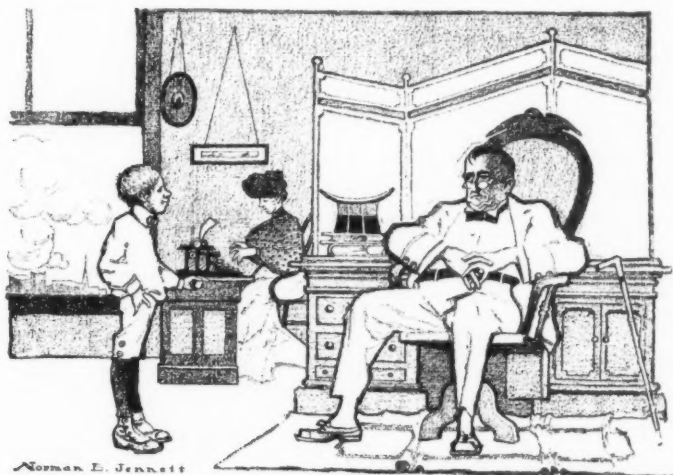
(NESTOR GIANACLIS, CAIRO.)

are the standard American manufacturers strive to attain.

SPECIALTY.—Twenty-two Carat Gold-Tipped "Queens" and "Kings." Nothing on the market like them—quite unique.

A FACT.—The delicacy and flavor of Nestor Cigarettes are better retained when imported in larger packages. Order by the 50 or 100 (tin) of your dealer.

LEDGER, SONS & CO., Sole Importers, 20 Central St., Boston.



Norman E. Bennett

EARNINGS.

OFFICE-BOY.—Wy, cert, I want more pay; I'm only getting "four" a week and give my mother all I earn.

PROPRIETOR.—What do you do with the other three and a half?

Add a little Abbott's Angostura Bitters to a glass of wine and you'll be surprised what a delightful tonic it makes.

HOTEL GALLATIN

70, 72 West 46th st., between 5th and 6th aves. APARTMENTS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED.

Parlor, bedroom, private bathroom, private telephone, in a new hotel for refined patrons; convenient to shops, theatres, railroads. Cuisine of noted excellence; hotel service, valet attendance. Tel., 5608-38th.

Single Apartment, \$2 Per day, without Meals.

Double Apartment, \$30 a week for two, with Meals.

FINANCIAL fishermen understand that there is no closed season for suckers.—*Washington Post.*

Now 'T is time to start rehearsing The things you'd like to do

To the man who blandly queries: "Is it hot enough for you?"

—*Detroit Free Press*

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keepers' Friend
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 296 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

UNLUCKY.

"Took out another accident policy, did he?"

"Yes; but he ain't had a leg cut off yet—nor even an arm broke.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Pears'

"The pale complexion of true love" assumes a warmer tint by the use of Pears' Soap.

Sold all over the globe.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



H. C. BUNNER.

Bunner's Short Stories

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE SUBURBAN SAGE

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Easton Times.*

Five Volumes in Paper, - \$2.50 } or separately { Per Volume, in Paper, - \$0.50
" " in Cloth, - 5.00 } as follows: " " in Cloth, - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address: PUCK, New York.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.*

MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times.*

ITS
QUALITY
UNEQUALED
EXCELLENCE
UNSURPASSED

ITS
QUALITY
UNEQUALED
EXCELLENCE
UNSURPASSED




**LIQUEUR
PÈRES CHARTREUX**
—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL), DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

W. L. DOUGLAS

UNION MADE \$3.50 SHOES FOR MEN



W. L. Douglas Makes and Sells More Men's \$3.50 Shoes than Any Other Manufacturer in the World. \$10,000 REWARD to any one who can disprove this statement.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost from \$5.00 to \$7.00. The only difference is the price. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, hold their shape better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and by shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.


Better Than Any Other Make at Any Price.

"For the last three years I have worn the Douglas \$3.50 shoe and found them not only as good, but better than any shoe that I have ever had, regardless of price." — Chas. L. Farrell, Asst. Cashier, The Capital Nat. Bank, Indianapolis, Ind.

Boys wear W. L. Douglas \$2.50 and \$2.00 shoes because they fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Collar in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Collar is conceded to be the finest patent leather produced. Fast Color Eyelets Will Not Wear Brassy. Shoes by Mail, 25 Cents Extra. Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Spring Styles.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 184 Spark St., BROCKTON, MASS.




EVEN the kindest Spring has its unpleasant features. This year, for instance, a good many people are wearing tan shoes. — *Indianapolis News.*

THERE will be something to talk about one of these days when a woman who is not "attractive and beautiful" gets prominently mixed up in a scandal. — *Washington Post.*

"Oh Be Jolly!"

Can "Just as Good" be better?



No! You want the Best

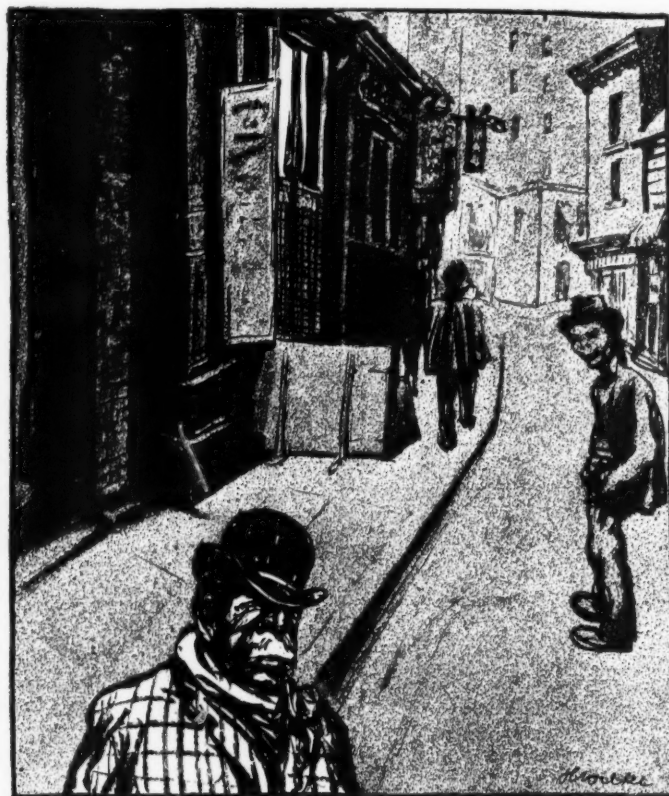
Order P. B. Ale.

Acker, Merrill & Condit Co., Agents

Pints \$1.50 dozen Dealers will be supplied

THE WORLD has no record of a man breaking down under the mental strain of attending strictly to his own business. — *Washington Post.*

CHICAGO, which under ordinary circumstances is not at all touchy, is now said to resent references to State Street as the American Nevski Prospekt. — *Indianapolis News.*



IN PELL STREET.

SAM LUNG LEE (between raids). — Chinatown velly blad place to livee. Raidee look like slumee party; slumee party look like raidee.

GOV'T REVOLVERS, GUNS, SWORDS, Military Goods NEW and old auctioned to F. Bannerman, 579 B'w'y, N. Y. 15c Cat'l'g'm't'd'c

WILLING TO TEST IT.

"A gallon er corn licker will cure any snake-bite," said Brother Williams. "Well," said Brother Dickey, "I knows whar de snakes is, all right; you go en hunt up de corn licker." — *Atlanta Constitution.*

CUPID'S CONVERSATION.

"Cupid is blind," said the sentimental youth. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "So I have heard. And the conversation of some love-sick people makes me wish that he were also deaf and dumb." — *Washington Star.*

GETTYSBURG AND WASHINGTON. Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The battlefield of Gettysburg, and the National Capital in all the glory of its Spring freshness, are attractions so alluring that few would feel like refusing to visit them. It is to place these two attractions within easy reach of every one that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces a tour over the interesting battlefield, through the picturesque valleys of Maryland, and an entertaining stay at Washington.

The tour will leave New York, West Twenty-third Street, 7:55 A. M., and Philadelphia 12:20 P. M., Saturday, May 27, in charge of one of the Company's tourist agents, and will cover a period of six days. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the party throughout. Round-trip tickets, covering transportation, carriage drives, and hotel accommodations, will be sold at the extremely low rate of \$22 from New York, \$21 from Trenton, \$19 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York; 342 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Our Patent Covers for Filing Puck are

**SIMPLE,
STRONG, and EASILY**

used. They preserve the copies in perfect shape. If Puck is worth buying, it is worth preserving. Price, 75 cents each; by mail, \$1.00. U. S. Postage Stamps taken.

Address: Puck, N. Y.



TO the man behind the bar a cocktail is a mixed drink—nothing more. With us, the making of CLUB COCKTAILS is as important a task as producing a fine wine. Our formula calls for such exact proportions of liquors that the flavor, taste and strength of CLUB COCKTAILS are preserved to a uniform standard. Thorough ageing makes them perfect beyond compare.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
A. SANTAELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.
Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

Royal's "WHITEST" COLLAR MADE

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LINEN

15¢ EACH

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**IF YOUR DEALER WONT SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US
EMIGH & STRAUB-Dept C.C.TROY,N.Y**

REDUCED RATES TO PACIFIC
COAST POINTS.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account
Lewis and Clark Exposition and
Various Conventions.

On account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland, Ore., June 1 to October 15, and various conventions to be held in cities on the Pacific Coast during the Summer, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets on specified dates, from all stations on its lines, to San Francisco and Los Angeles, April 9 to September 27; to Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Victoria, Vancouver, and San Diego, May 22 to September 27, at greatly reduced rates.

For dates of sale and specific information concerning rates and routes, consult nearest ticket agent.



**Pabst
Blue Ribbon**
The Beer of Quality
All Pabst Blue Ribbon is bottled only at
the Brewery in Milwaukee.

AS SHE IS SPOKE.

"So it's all up with him, eh? He's all in?"

"Sure! He's down and out!"
—*Indianapolis News.*

INCENTIVE.

"Close up, boys, close up!" said a colonel to his regiment. "If the enemy were to fire on you when you are straggling along like that they would n't kill a single man of you. Close up!"
—*Chicago Daily Journal.*

CHARTREUX STILL MADE IN SPAIN.

LIQUEUR OF FINEST QUALITY CAN BE MADE IN THAT COUNTRY—AN ERROR CORRECTED.

There appeared recently in some of the American Dailies an article stating that the Carthusian Monks, celebrated for the manufacture of the famous Chartreuse liqueur, had returned to France from Spain, in which latter country they had sought a domicile as a result of the French association laws, privilege to this effect having been granted by the French government. It was stated also that it had been shown that their famous liqueur could not be made at the newly acquired property of the monks in Spain, near Tarragona, of the same quality, flavor and bouquet as before their expulsion from France.

This statement, it proves is not correct, for Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York City, the American Agents for the genuine Chartreuse, now known as Liqueur Peres Chartreux, wired to the European Agents of the monks, asking if the order had returned to France to make Chartreuse because the Spanish product was unsatisfactory, and a reply was received saying that there was no truth in the story. The cordial manufactured by the monks in Spain has proved to be of the finest quality and of the same flavor and bouquet as that made by them before their removal to Spain.

COOK'S
Imperial
Extra dry
CHAMPAGNE

Is second to no Champagne in the world. It is half the price of foreign makes, because there no duty or ship freight to pay on this American made Champagne.

SERVED EVERYWHERE
AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



"Won't Dry on the Face"
Soaps that make a quick-drying lather, "flake off"—dull the razor—irritate the face.
You can apply **Williams' Shaving Soap** to the face—go out in a March Blizzard—and the lather will remain moist and creamy. Such a soap makes shaving easy and leaves the face happy.



Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Williams' Tar Soap, etc., sold everywhere

Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size) sent for 4c. in stamps
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
Write for "The Shavers' Guide and Correct Dress." It's Free.




NOT DISPOSED TO LISTEN.

"Mercy! Does n't the still small voice tell you it is wrong to go fishing on Sunday?"

"Aw—you can't believe everything you hear!"

The Ale

Without Sediment



FOR LAURA'S TRESSES.

I.

Roses sweet for Laura's tresses
(How that royal red one glows!)
And the rose knows her caresses.
(Envy now the rose!)

II.

Roses in a dewy shower
For those tresses golden-fine!
(She will kiss a dying flower:—
There she draws the line!)

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

BRIGHTON

FLAT CLASP CARTERS

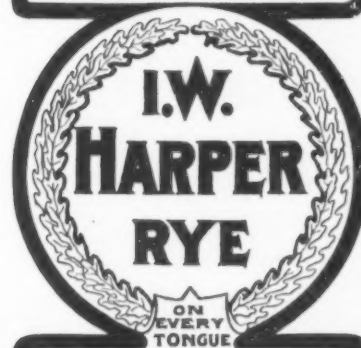
have a continuous contract to hold up the socks on millions of energetic American legs. *Flat as your hand*, adjustable, neither bind nor slip, made of one piece pure silk webbing (not mercerized cotton). All colors and patterns, nicked trimmings—cannot trust. 25c a pair—all dealers or by mail. Try them.



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PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.,
1118 Market St., Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

The Worlds Best Experts
Pronounce It The Best.



Gold Medals

Chicago 1893 New Orleans 1885 Paris 1900

Grand Prize Highest Award
St. Louis World's Fair.

SHINY PANTS Don't shine in undesirable places, meaning elbows and seat of pants. The **Keystone Shine Remover** will positively, absolutely and instantaneously remove shine from any garment. No liquid. A child can use it. Lasts ten years. 25 cents by mail.

BAYSIDE MFG. CO., 220 Walnut Place, PHILA., Pa.

PUCK

The Closed Door



If you had come to my door alone,
Love, my lord,

Had I heard no foot-fall save your own,
No voice but yours,

Oh how wide had my door been thrown,
Oh how gladly the way been shown,

Love, my lord!

But I peered from my casement cautiously,
Love, my lord,

You stood at my door with henchmen three
I knew too well:

Doubt and Distrust stared up at me
And gaunt-faced, white-lipped Jealousy,

Love, my lord.

Oh this house of my heart is over small,
Love, my lord,

Am I let you in I must let in all,
Oh, every one!

And riot would reign in my quiet hall,
And I fear me soon would my dwelling fall,

Love, my lord.

You went who might never entrance win,
Love, my lord:

Strange that I thought it little sin
To bar my door:

But a king comes ever with shout and din,
And not alone had you entered in,

Love, my lord.

Theodosia Garrison.

